

DON'T WORRY.

Don't worry. In this tangled skein Of life, a worrying thought But complicates the kinks of fate And tightens up each knot. Make will the master of your mood. Through anxious fear and doubt. No peace, no pleasure, and no good Was ever brought about.

Don't worry. Do the best you can And let hope conquer care. No more is asked of any man Than he has strength to bear. The back is fitted for the load; Your burdens all were planned; And if you sing along the road Kind fate will lend a hand.

Don't worry. Fortune is a dame You have to woo with smiles. Whatever her mood you must not blame Nor criticize her wiles. Trust God in shadow and in sun, And luck will come your way. But never since old time begun Has worry won the day.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Youth's Companion.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

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SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails mankured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls report of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington. Just then the clerk comes in to the great annoyance of the detective.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"I might be able to give you a pointer or two," suggested the clerk. "I am a man that generally keeps his eyes and ears open, and for a small consideration I might—"

Hendricks nodded understandingly. "I'll send for you another time, you may be sure of that, and I always reward people who aid me, but just now—"

"I thought you might like to know that Miss Huntington is down in the ballroom, sir."

Hendricks smiled, expressed his thanks for the information and firmly closed the door.

"Persistent rascal," he said. "I didn't want him to hear what you were about to say. Now, what was it?"

"I started to say that I have a sort of friend, a society man, who brings me all the club gossip worth mentioning, and I remember that there is considerable talk going on at present in the swell set to the effect that this Miss Huntington, who is prospectively a very rich heiress, has recently been informed by her lawyers that her Uncle Jacob Van Courtland, from whom she had expected to inherit several millions had—just before his death—willed her the money on the sole condition that she should marry Caruthers, to whom old Courtland felt in some way indebted. It has caused much comment, for it has been generally understood that Arthur Gielow, a painter of some reputation, but as poor as a church-mouse, was in love with her, and that she thought a lot of him."

"Ah!" muttered the detective, his eyes gleaming; "she liked the poor man best."

"It is said," went on Dr. Lampkin, "that her lawyers informed her of the condition in the will more promptly than they intended because her preference for Gielow was becoming noticeable. In fact, many believe she was on the point of becoming his wife."

The lines of Hendricks' brows ran together as if his beard, at which he was tugging, were a bunch of puckering-strings.

"And in case of the death of Caruthers?" he questioned.

"The will seemed to be equally explicit on that point," replied Dr. Lampkin. "The fortune was to be turned over to Miss Huntington at the end of two years if she was the wife of Caruthers. In the meantime, however, in case of the death of Caruthers she was to have the money anyway."

Hendricks took a deep involuntary breath.

"By Jove!" he cried, in a tone of suppressed excitement. "This is growing into magnificent proportions. It is interesting me doubly, for in case it is the artist who has committed the crime it cannot be my arch enemy, and at first I was inclined to attribute the whole thing to that mysterious genius."

Hendricks reflected a moment, his eyes on the most prominent figure in the rich carpet, then he added:

"Was there anything in the papers about the row between the two men?"

"No, it was hushed up by the club people. It didn't amount to much and my informant did not learn all the particulars. The artist and his rival, who had the reputation of being something of a cad, and who is said to have been badly spoiled by his prospective marriage, were conversing in the smoking-room, which they occupied alone, when the servants in the adjoining lunch room heard their loud voices and went in just as Caruthers was slapping Gielow in the face and calling him a presumptuous pauper. Gielow buried a bottle at the head of his antagonist, but by ducking Caruthers preserved his countenance, and the waiters separated them before further damage was done."

Hendricks' eyes swept over the room, resting on the open vase and the glistening member lying across its top, the large diamond on the ash tray flashing sparkling in the rays of the gaslight.

Filling an envelope with the ashes, he put it in his pocket.

"We must be going," he said. "The police, headed by that detective—Sergeant Denham—will be here in a minute. They are welcome to our find. I want to see Miss Huntington before the news reaches her. If I wait till she is dumfounded by all this horror, she'll close her lips. I saw Denham down there. He is a new man, a great pet of Capt. McRae's, but he is awfully fresh."

CHAPTER III.

They had left the room and closed the door after them when they saw a man accompanied by two uniformed policemen step from the elevator.

Hendricks grunted contemptuously and quickly drew the door into a corridor leading off to the right.

"That's the way young detectives do it," he sneered. "Half a dozen people must have seen those blue uniforms ascend the elevator and are now wondering what's up. It won't be five minutes before the whole thing will be public property. Ye gods! (as two young men turned a corner and rushed past them examining the numbers on the doors). 'Reportorial vampires! Our clerk despaired of making anything out of me by holding his tongue and has sent these fellows up the rear stairs. They know the number of the apartment and they'll get there in time to report the whole bloody business in the morning. Geewhilkens, won't the public have a royal feast?"

The two men managed to reach the office unobserved. Little groups of idlers were gathered here and there like eddies in the current of humanity that swirled through the great room. Every now and then some one would throw a horrified glance up at the main stairs as if expecting the reappearance of the policemen.

Hendricks was glad he was known by sight to only a few people, for it often enabled him to act with more freedom than he could otherwise have done. Doffing his soft hat, and carelessly brushing back his heavy hair, he stood in the doorway leading into the crowded ballroom. Signaling to a man who seemed to be a sort of floor manager, he said:

"I have an important message for Miss Huntington; can you point her out to me?"

The eyes of the man thus addressed swept over the swirling waiters for a moment, then he said:

"There she is sitting with her aunt, Mrs. Winifred, on the divan under the palms."

"Thank you," said Hendricks, and to Lampkin's surprise, for he had considered his friend mortally averse to meeting ladies, the detective, gracefully avoiding whisking skirts and flying heels, made his way to where the two ladies were sitting.

"I beg your pardon," he began, addressing the younger of the two, an exceedingly beautiful young woman. "I trust you will pardon my boldness, but it is important that I should speak to you on a matter concerning your interests. I must take the liberty of introducing myself. Hendricks is my name. I am a private detective."

"Oh!" with that exclamation, the young lady stared helplessly at Hendricks for a moment, and then transferred the gaze of her long-lashed eyes to her aunt. Thus appealed to, Mrs. Winifred addressed the detective in a tone of no little astonishment:

"You wished to speak to us, sir?"

"On a matter of important business, and immediately, if possible."

"I—I hardly know what to say," she stammered, pushing the ice she had been eating aside and giving her white skirt a pull towards her. "If you would call to-morrow—"

Hendricks smiled reassuringly.

"What I desired to say must be confined to you to-night. I thought as it was growing late that you might go home before long, and that I might perhaps see you there."

Mrs. Winifred colored slightly.

"I have no doubt that your request will prove to be reasonable in every way, but our escorts have just left the room for a few minutes, and—and your proposal is unusual, to say the least."

Hendricks cast a furtive glance at the office. Small groups had melted into large ones, and quite a crowd had gathered round the counter. It was plain to him that it would not be many seconds before the gay and giddy revelers would be horrified by the awful report concerning a prominent member of their set.

"My request is decidedly unusual," he admitted, turning to the ladies and biting his lips, "but the matter is a very grave one, and you will appreciate my boldness when you have heard what I have to say. I must urge you to order your carriage at once. I shall follow you to your home. Surely, protected by your own servants you have nothing to fear from me—a servant of the public."

"But we have never seen you before," the lady began hesitatingly.

"Oh, aunt, don't say that," interposed Miss Huntington, completely winning the heart of the detective by her gentleness and rare beauty. "I have read so much of Mr. Hendricks' courtesy to ladies, and his bravery, that I absolutely fear nothing. It won't take us a minute," she added, smiling graciously on Hendricks. "I'll order the carriage, and we will meet you at home in ten minutes."

Hendricks bowed like a cavalier and wended his way through the maze of dancers to the office, where he was joined by Lampkin.

"I presume it is out," were his first words.

"They are talking of nothing else," replied the doctor. "The excitement is raging. The proprietor has called in the police to prevent the crowd from going upstairs."

Hendricks peered into the ballroom. He saw the two ladies entering the cloakroom.

"I hope they will get to their carriage without hearing the news," he grunted. He led Lampkin outside, and they stood together near the ladies' entrance till he saw the coachman in the Huntington livery rein in his horses near the awning. A moment later Mrs. Winifred emerged in her flowing wraps, accompanied by her statuesque niece.

As soon as their carriage had rolled away Hendricks bounded across the sidewalk to an open hansom.

"Follow that carriage," he said, brusquely, to the driver, and he jumped into the cab and was followed by the doctor.

"All right, sir," said the driver, through the hole in the roof.

As they bowed away Hendricks looked up at the windows of Caruthers' rooms.

"Jamb full of sightseers!" he sneered. "Sergeant Denham is in his element. He is posing to that gang and gloating over his importance. If Captain McRae could see him now he wouldn't hold his job an hour."

The Huntington residence was on Fifth avenue, not half a mile from the hotel, and it required only a few minutes for the ladies to reach home. As Hendricks and his companion alighted, and were paying their fare, they saw the white-clad figures mounting the brown-stone steps to the cut-glass doors. A great stream of light flashed across the street as they were admitted. Mrs. Winifred went in last, and Hendricks saw her glance back at them nervously.

"We'll give 'em a minute to collect themselves," he said. "The old lady is very suspicious, but the young one is a brick, and by far the most beautiful creature that ever wore shoe-leather. Why, hang me if I ever dreamt such a being existed! When she turned that majestic Gibson head and neck, as I began to introduce myself, I wanted the earth to swallow me up. I felt so—so inadequate."

Lampkin laughed. "I have never heard you express yourself like this," he said. "I had no idea you had even the germs of admiration for woman-kind in your make-up."

Hendricks seemed to be somewhat ashamed of his outburst.

"The lights have flashed up in the drawing-room on the right," he said, all business again. "Here goes."

CHAPTER IV.

As the doors opened in response to their ring, the visitors saw four footmen in livery ranged against the wall, like guards before the Vatican. Hendricks, with an air that showed his unfamiliarity with just such a field of operation, gave his hat to the nearest man and, keeping on his overcoat, he walked straight into the drawing-room. Lampkin was more deliberate. He took off his overcoat, gave it and his silk hat to a lackey and came in and sat down quite as if he were expecting to be summoned to the boudoir of a wealthy patient.

Miss Huntington was a few steps in advance of Mrs. Winifred, as the two ladies entered through the folding doors from the rear.

"My aunt feels sorry of her hesitation just now, Mr. Hendricks," she began, with a genial smile; "but she is so much given to reading all the sensational news lately that she is constantly expecting some awful calamity to befall us. She is worried now with the fear that you may bring bad news. Her brother Alfred sailed two weeks ago for Africa, and we have only heard from him once."

"It is not concerning him that we desired to speak," said the detective, introducing Lampkin with commendable ease. "I won't keep you long. I have been informed that you are friends of Mr. Weldon Caruthers, and it is about him that I wanted to confer with you. To come to the point at once, I have reasons for being disturbed about his rather peculiar absence."

"But he is in Philadelphia," exclaimed Miss Huntington, in a tone which revealed no little relief over his explanation. She seemed to think the detective was laboring under some mistake which she could easily rectify.

"May I ask how you know that?" asked Hendricks, diplomatically.

Miss Huntington hesitated, and then, receiving the sanction of her aunt's glance, said:

"I had a letter from him only a few days ago. He had invited Count Bantini, an Italian nobleman, my aunt and myself to use his box at the Horse Show last night, and had taken the tickets away by mistake. Oh! I am sure he is all right, although his leaving was quite unexpected. I feel confident he will explain everything when he returns."

"Are you quite sure that letter was from him?" was the next question of the detective.

The young lady started and stared at Hendricks as if debating whether he could be in his right mind.

"I have never dreamt of its not being from him," she said, firmly. "I am sure I've no reason at all for doubting it."

Mrs. Winifred leaned forward, her angular form stiffening as if under some petrifying process due to the action of a startled state of mind.

"I am not sure of it, now I come to think over the matter," she remarked, giving each word a separate and distinct drop. "You remember, Dorothy, you said you could not forgive him for neglecting the letter to a typewriter and not even signing it."

The young lady flushed at the personality, but she finally admitted that she had not exactly appreciated the manner in which the letter had been written, while she still held firm to the belief that it was genuine.

"Nothing could be easier than to forge a typewritten communication," suggested Hendricks, paving his way to more startling disclosures. "Have you the letter?"

"It is upstairs," said Dorothy, her tone betraying growing perturbation.

despite her effort at calmness. "Come with me, aunt; we will return in a moment."

When they had quitted the drawing-room, Hendricks resumed his seat, and looked steadily at the doctor.

"I think I'll let it out," he said. "She can bear it. A blind man can see she isn't in love with the murdered man. It is the other patch in the red crazy-quilt that will turn her cheeks white and darken those great eyes."

"Oh, you refer to Gielow!" cried the doctor.

Hendricks shrugged his shoulders. "It will doubtless strike her, as it will the police, in fact, as it will the public at large—that he is the one man in existence who would be likely to want Caruthers to send in his checks, as it were, especially as they had a row just prior to the committal of the deed."

"It certainly does look shaky for Gielow," admitted Lampkin.

"My one hope," said Hendricks, "is that Gielow does not needle-point his finger-nails. Few artists have time for such feminine rubbish."

"But Gielow is not a regular Bohemian," rejoined Lampkin. "He is most particular about his dress and is thoroughly conventional—a strict church-man and that sort of thing. His studio is said to be a marvelously attractive place where, during the season, he holds afternoon teas and musicales. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to hear that he manicured his nails."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT TOUCHY.

Emperor William's Grandfather Was Possessed of Good Humor and Humility.

To enjoy a joke at one's own expense requires a strong sense of humor and a little inherent humility. There is a story told of the first kaiser, King William of Prussia, the grandfather of the present monarch, which proves that he was not devoid of either quality.

At the time when Mr. G. R. Sims was a student at Bonn, he and his fellow students had a little club at one of the hotels. The room where that club met was one day the scene of an amusing incident. The king was stopping at the inn, and as luck would have it, he made his way to the English club-room.

The innkeeper saw which way he was going, and grew desperate, for did he not know what lay on the table in that room?

Etiquette was cast to the winds, and the proprietor made a reckless dash past his majesty, rushed into the club-room and seized a periodical from the table.

The king lifted his eyebrows in surprise. Why had the innkeeper thus rudely passed him, and why had the paper been removed? He desired to understand the mystery, and accordingly asked for information.

"It is the English Punch, your majesty, and there is in it, I believe, a picture that your majesty would not care to see," faltered the unhappy innkeeper.

"Give it to me," commanded the king. The trembling hotel keeper obeyed, and then stood before his sovereign with downcast eyes. The old king looked at the Punch cartoon, and though it was a none too friendly caricature of himself, he smiled.

"My good man," he said, quietly, "I am sorry you thought I should be annoyed by such a trifle. Put the paper back on the table, give my compliments to the English gentlemen, and tell them that I have seen the cartoon and that I think it is excellently drawn."—Youth's Companion.

"Settle It."

Squire Masters, of Petersburg, Ill., an old friend of Lincoln, recently told a new anecdote of the great president, one which shows how he practiced law: At one time before the civil war Squire Masters was threatened with a lawsuit. He went to Springfield, where Lincoln was located, and had a talk with him about the case. Lincoln told him that if he could not settle the case he would undertake the defense, but he urged his friend to make an amicable adjustment. "What'll you charge, Abe, to go into court for me?" said Mr. Masters. "Well," was Lincoln's reply, "it will cost you ten dollars, but I won't charge you anything if you can settle it between yourselves." The other party heard of the squire's visit to Lincoln, and agreed to settle.—Youth's Companion.

Competition.

Down in Oklahoma there is a town where two rival bakers offer special inducements to attract custom. When Schmidt announces a cut in prices Dupont outdoes him in the matter of accommodation.

One day the French baker had this sign painted on the side of his house: "Seven loaves for twenty-five cents."

The German could not furnish more loaves for that sum without inviting bankruptcy to the feast, so appealed to the public in another way by putting in his window this startling notice: "On Saturdays customers' own vitals will be cooked."—Judge.

Willie's System.

Mamma—Why is it, Willie, that you never care to play with boys of your size? You are always either with those that are much smaller or much larger than yourself.

Willie—Cause I can lick the littler boys and it ain't no disgrace to get whipped by bigger ones.—Chicago Evening News.

A Dish to Be Relied Upon. Haskins—What do you get to eat at your boarding-house? Perkins—Oh! a little of everything. Haskins—Do you get bush, too? Up to Date.

COINCIDENCE.

"Somehow I'm awfully stupid to-night," remarked young Borum, languidly, the other evening.

"Indeed you are," retorted Miss Cutting, somewhat impulsively.

"Do you really mean that?" asked the young man in surprise.

"I merely indorsed your remarks; didn't you just now assert that you were stupid?" she queried.

"Yes," he responded, "but I only said so without thinking."

"And up to the time you spoke of it," she replied, "I only thought so without saying it."—Chicago Evening News.

ARM AND ARM.

Recently at the tower of London a visitor who was admiring one of the suits of armor remarked to an attendant that the Englishman of the middle ages must have been a robust lot. "Oh, no, sir," replied the guide, with the cheery and rising emphasis on the "sir." "The armor looks large, sir, but you'll find that the waist measure on nearly all these suits is only 28 or 30 inches, sir. That's a very small man, sir. My word for it, there isn't a suit in the room that would be large enough for one of the queen's guardsmen."—Chicago Record.

GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family For Colds and Grip.



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon.

Pe-ru-na is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every state in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Pe-ru-na is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catarrh, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it con-

tinually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

STATE OF OREGON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SALEM, May 9, 1898.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly,

W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, la grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Society Women

and, in fact, nearly all women who undergo a nervous strain, are compelled to regretfully watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming wrinkles and thinness that become more distressing every day.

Every woman knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty and that good health gives to the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. Pure blood and strong nerves—these are the secret of health and beauty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up and purify the blood and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable, to the mother they are a necessity, to the woman approaching fifty they are the best remedy that science has devised for this crisis of her life.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., is fifty-six years old. She says: "I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of life. I was much weakened, was unable, much of the time, to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was weary, hearted and melancholy. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought the first box in March, 1897, and was benefited from the start. A box and a half cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong."

—Bushnell (Ill.) Record.

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